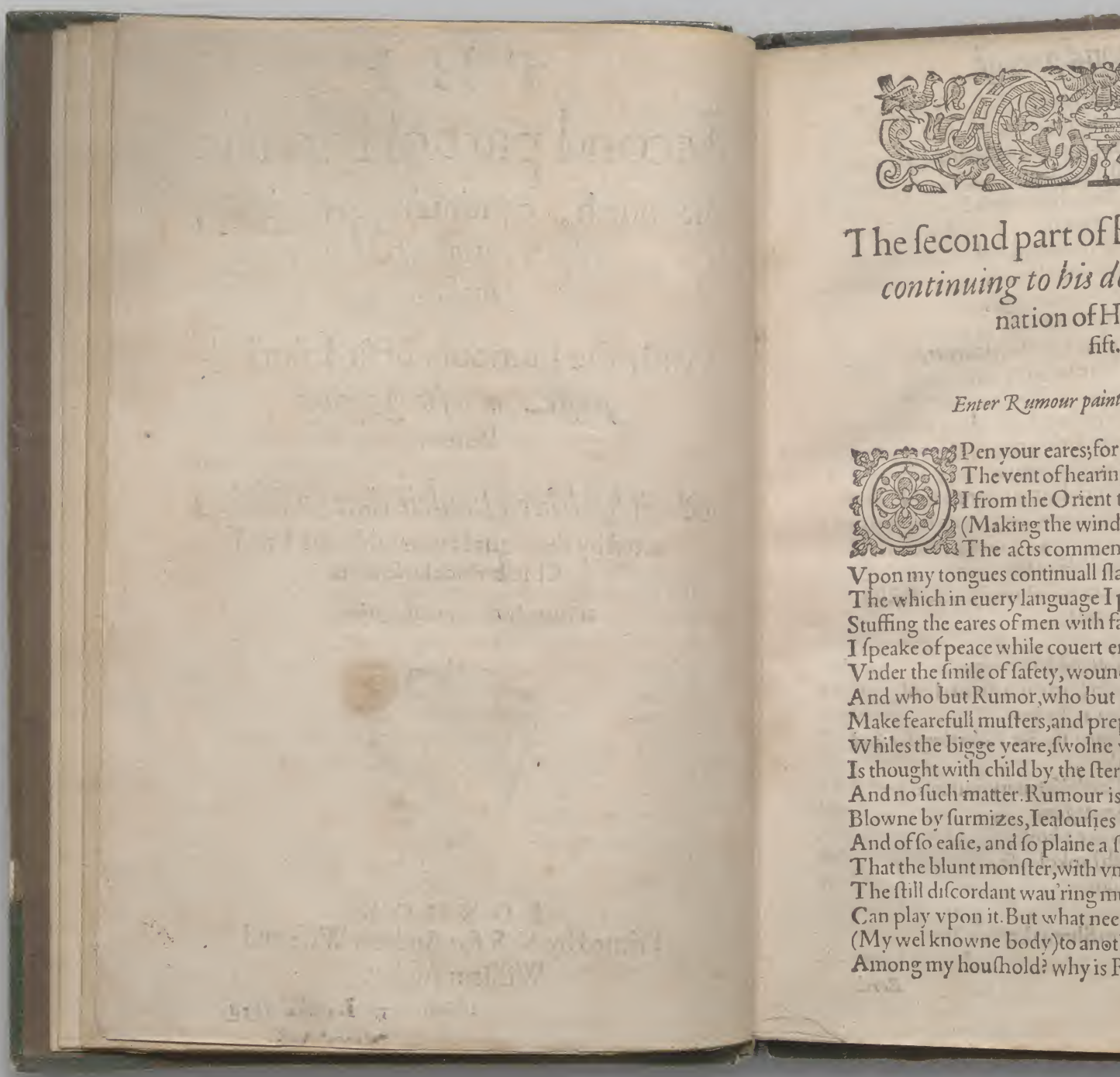

The ſecond part of H
*continuing to his d*
nation of H
fift.

*Enter Rumour paint*

Pen your eares; for
The vent of hearin
I from the Orient t
(Making the wind
The acts commen
Vpon my tongues continuall fla
The which in euery language I
Stuffing the eares of men with fa
I ſpeake of peace while couert e
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woun
And who but Rumor, who but
Make fearefull muſters, and pre
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne
Is thought with child by the ſter
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a
That the blunt monſter, with vn
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring m
Can play vpon it. But what nee
(My wel knowne body) to ano
Among my houſhold? why is